JOHN ERLEIGH SCHOOLMAST A Gripping Story of Love Mystery and Kidnapping

By CLAVER MORRIS

SYNOPSIS. Point Briefsh, headmaster of Harpfree School, has persuaded Ludy Anne Window-ley to send her fatheriess bey to his school. Guy, the boy, is to inherist the quat Winheriey estate, and as his unois, Lord Arther Meriet, explains to Briefsh, there are many relatives who would like to see the boy but out of the way, so that they might suherist the estate.

CHAPTER II-(Continued) For a few moments the two men leoked at each other in silence. Murder? That is

the one thing that does not occur to any one living in a civilized country, the one thing we do not think it necessary to guard against. We insure our lives against ecidents, our goods against fire and burg-We bolt and bar our doors and we eross the streets very carefully. But it never occurs to us that it is in the power of almost any man to take our lives from But It us if he chooses to do so. Such a wild idea never enters into our calculations. We no more provide for such a contin-gency than we provide for the possible and of the world.

The silence lasted for ten seconds. Then Schn Erleigh laughed.

"Really, my dear Lord Arthur—"

"I thought you'd laugh. Well, if you'd been with me during the last two years in Central Africa you'd see the possibility of Such a thing."
"But here—in England?"
"Well, it wasn't so very long ago that

every man went about armed against a possible attempt on his life. We're more civilized now, but civilization doesn't en-tirely alter men's natures. It only deprives them of opportunities. I know what I've just said is like throwing a bombabell into a vestry meeting. But I'm not talking of the impossible. For the last three years my nephew has been watched by a detoctive."

"Lord Arthur-you're joking-surely-"Precious little joke about it. The Sew has been up there at Monkeliver—no less a person than the first footman—my sister-in-law doesn't know—she would never have another moment's happiness if she knew. But the fellow is there all right, and I've been paying him all the

"But, Lord Arthur-why-what grounds have you for suposing-that anything so

"I'll fust tell you, but you must promise me you'll keep it to yourself. If my sister-in-law ever knew, I believe she'd worry

herself to death."
"Of course I'll keep the information to myself. Don't tell me if you'd rather not. I'll take your word for it that-that you have good reasons for employing a detec

"Oh, you'd better know. The boy is going to be in your charge the best part of each year now for some considerable time. I don't want you to think I'm a nervous idlot. I'd like to justify myself. Well about three years ago an attempt. Well about three years ago an attempt

was made to kidnap my nephew. You can pretty well guess what that meant."
"Blackmall, possibly."
"You can put it like that, if you please. "You can put it like that, if you please. Well, the facts are just these. The boy was to meet me at Euston. I was to take him north to stay with an aunt. His tutor, a reliable fellow, was to deliver him safely into my hands. They were to arrive at Euston an hour before the train started, and were to have lunch at the station. Before they left Monksilver a halosement arrive to the station. station. Before they left Monksilver a telegram arrived saying that I would meet them at St. Pancras, as I had de-elded to travel by the other line. They arrived at St. Pancras, and were met by a man, who gave the tutor a note pur-porting to be from me. It was to the effect that I could not possibly leave Londos that day, and that my valet, the hearer of the note, would travel up north with Lord Wimberley, and see him safely so his destination. Evans, the tutor, did not know my valet by sight, but the e was written on paper stamped with address in St. James street, and there not seem to be anything suspicious about the business. Evans, however, who was starting off that afternoon with his brother for a holiday in Italy, behaved Brother for a holiday like a trump. He sent a telegram to his brother and took the boy up to York-

shire himself. He paused and relit the cigar, which had gone out. "A trap?" said John Erleigh.

"Yes. I was waiting at Euston all the time. We never found out who the man was-couldn't trace him at all. Directly

Evans informed him of his decision he left the station, and no one has ever set eyes on him since. He was a smell, thin, clean-shaven man, with dark eyes and black helr, streaked with gray-nothing remarkable about him. Evans said that he looked like a very respectable valut. valet.

valet."
For nearly half a minute there was slience. John Erleigh stared at the examination papers on the table, and draw a few meaningless lines on the corner of one of them with his blue peucil. Lord Arthur folded his arms, and, leaning back in his chart, tooked up at a large engrav-

that? Besides, Lord Arthur, you are the heir to the title and the estates. I don't

. I can look after myself," laughed

"Oh, I can look after myself," laughed Lord Arthur.

"Then, you think—?"

"I don't think anything. I'm a bit careful, that's all. You see, I go a good deal into countries where a man carries his life in his hands. I'm used to being careful."

"Who would inherit the estates—after

"Who would inharit the estates—after
you and the boy?"
"Dick Merist—a second counin of mine.
He has two brothers younger than himself—Herbert and William."
"And you suspect one of them?"
"Well yes. Of course, there are others
with more remote prospects of inheritance. But they'll have their work cut

out to remove the five lives between them and the title."

and the title."
"And the man would hardly kill his brother, would he?"
"H'm-I don't know. It has been done. They're a pretty lot of rogues, the three of them. I worked hard to try to bring it home to Dick, but had no success. Of

ourse, as you say, it may have been only a scheme to get a ransom. But one has to think of every possibility. Well, now, I suppose you'll object to taking on the detective—in some capacity or other?"

ficult. And I don't think it would be necessary. Why not tell the boy him-self-to be careful-to have nothing to

do with strangers?"
"I've rather hesitated about that—you see, if Lady Wimberley got to know of it—well, you know how devoted she is to

"Yes, but the boy's old enough to keep a secret isn't he? If you'll take my advice, Lord Arthur, you'll just point out to him that he must be careful. From what I know of the lad you wen't frighten him. He'll be rather proud to think that he's in for some sort of ad-

venture."

Lord Arthur tugged at his moustache.

"Very well." he said after a pause,

"that's what I'll do And I must leave
the rest in your hands. I shall keep the
detective in the neighborhood—for a time

any rate." He looked at his watch and rose from his chair.

"Twe just time to catch my train," he said. "Good-bye, Mr. Erleigh, and I—well, I think you're the sort of man one can trust. It's rather hard luck on you having this precious morsel of humanity handed over to you. But I think just a little more care than usual will be suffi-cient if the boy is told to look after him-

Erleigh looked his visitor steadily in the eyes. "Lord Arthur," he said slowly, "I will

to himself.

A minute juter he was at his work again. But the floor had not yet died away from his cheeks and forehead, and there was a light in his eye that was certainly not due to the perusal of Grimmitt's translation of Sophocles

hidden ears for a slight tremor in the yeles. But it blassed forth in John Erleigh's grey eyes. It was written on his pale face. And the intensity of it was unnistainable and terrible. It was as though a strong man were in the grip of something that he could not control, as though he were suffering herribly and yet gloried in his pain.

The hot bloed rushed into Lady Wimberley's face, and flowed back again, leaving her very white. She was seated on a stone bench by the side of the lake, and John Brielgh was standing in front of her. They had been talking about the boy, who had already been a year at Harptree, and who had expressed a

at Harptree, and who had expressed a desire to join the Army class, and go up to Sandhurst when he left school. Then John Erleigh had risen from his seat. soin scriegh had fisen from his seat, said good-hys, walked away a few yards, and returned again. "There is something I think yeu ought to knew," he had said; and when she had asked him what it was he had answered:

"Anne, I love you."

It was as if the words had been forced from him against his will

from him against his will, as though he knew the folly of them and was yet spelled to speak. A great gulf lay ween the headmaster of even a sucsessful public school and Anne Wimber cessful public school and Anne Wimberley. John Erleigh, proud of his calling,
which he considered the finest in the
world, was quite aware that, from a
worldly point of visw, he was not a
suitable husband for the widow of the
Marquess of Wimberley, and the only
daughter of Lord Cathelstone. He was
the son of a poor clergyman and the
grandson of a small country suitsfier.

more. He had said so very little-so much

mick boy; his face was red. He see more human, and Anne Wimberiey liked him all the better for it. "I leve you, Anne," he faltered. "I—I think it has been so ever since I first saw you—you are always in my thoughts—I've been a fool—I thought I could control myself—well, I can't—you know now—that you are every can't-you know now-that you are every thing to me-more than my work-I always thought that was everythingisn't now-you are everything in the world to me-even my work-is nothing."

She rose from her seat and looked at him and held out her two hands, smiling hrough her tears.

He grasped them and stood motionless poking into her eyes, his own ablaze with a wonderful light. "Anne," he stammered, "I-you don't

"That I love you, Jack?" she said gently. "Of course I do-you dear, foolish fellow-how could I help it? I love you-better than—"

He drew her closer to him and clasped

her flercely in his arms, kissing her lips, her checks, her throat—in the madness of his passionate love.

They sat on the stone bench, holding each other's hands, for all the world like any boy and girl in the first ecstasy of love. The whole world seemed beautiful to them.

"I can't believe," he said shyly, "that this wonderful thing has happened-that you have stooped-to give me such happtness.'

mong the upper classes of society. and neutral numbers and even per-sunded herself-before her marriage—that she did love him. Two years were quite long enough to disflusion her. She had been a good and affectionate wife, a wife Lord Wimberies was proud of until the hour of his death. But she had never loved any man until she had met John Ertelsch.

you," he said, after a pause,
"A better life," she said proudly.
"Jack, if you only knew—how thred I am
of doing nothing in the world. And now
—so much depends on the wife of a headmaster, doesn't it?"
"Yes, dear—a great deal."

Yes, dear-a great deal." "And-my money will help, won't ft?"
He flushed. "I did not think of that,"

him."

They taiked of the boy's future, of his fine nature, of his undoubted brilliance both in the classroom and the playing fields. It was of course, out of the question that he should go into the army. He would have to leave it when he came into possession of his estates. He must be trained to be a great landlord, a politician, perhaps. But his first duty lay to his terants.

TO BE CONTINUED TOMORROW



BEATRICE MICHELENA

PHOTO PLAYS CTOHIMITOTAL

The Family Theatre, at Market and Juniper streets, was utilized Sunday afternoon for a private exhibition of a new film program, to be known by the generic title of the "Kriterion Program." Half a dozen reels were shown and in all truth it can be stated that the exhibition was of a character so far above the average motion picture show that success is facing the Eriterion.

In so far as the productions themselves were concerned, the acting was excep tionally good. The character of the themes was on a high plane and the general result all that could be desired.

The Kriterion program will be released on January 1, and will prove a most valunble addition to the photoplay industry or is it art?

IN THE FILM CAMP.

Rosemary Theby, Harry Myers, her co star and director, and Brinsley Shaw, "villun," are seen to splendid advantage in "The Accusation." a drama soon to be released by the Universal Company. Several of the exteriors were taken or the Morisini estate in Yonkers.

Blanche Sweet, who is known to milliens of photoplay patrons throughout Councils for an appropriation for the this country and Europe, has signed a contract with the Jesse Lasky Feature authorized by the Legislature. Play Company by the terms of which she will appear as the star in the various Jesse Lasky and David Belasce joint pro-ductions which are now being prepared for the screen.

Wilbur has departed from Pathe's ranks, his contract terminating with the end of the "Perils of Pauline," which he elected to be the end of his onnection with the company, with which he has won his fame as a screen idol. Where he will go next he has not decided, having several attractive feature offerings in consideration.

Little Audrey Berry, of the Vitagraph Players, is a firm believer in Santa Claus, her only doubt being as to whether he comes in a sleigh drawn by reindeers or in an automobile. Not long since Little Miss Berry, with some 100 other children, visited one of the big department stores in order to get a glimpse of Santa and if possible shake him by the hand. Miss Berry was one of the fortu-nate ones and she was correspondingly enthusiastic over the fact that Santa had noticed her. On the way home, how-ever, she began to wear a disappointed look and on being questioned as to the cause answered:

don't understand why Santa Claus did not ask my name, because, I never She was thoughtful for some time, when her brow cleared and she optimistically

remarked: "Oh, well! I guess I needn't worry ntil Christmas morning, as Santa prob-

LONERGAN QUITS THANHOUSER. Lloyd F. Lonergan, author of "The Million Dollar Mystery," and of almost every big Thanhouser photoplay from the inception of that concern, has guit his position of producing manager of the Thanhouser establishment to become a writer of features for the Universal Eastern Stara. He is now spanding much time in conference with Julius Stern, manager of the Imp Studio, and with Mary Puller. Ben Wilson and William Garwood, for which latter stars he will create his first

Universal stories. CHANGES IN FILMLAND. The American company has been un dergoing the complications of reorganigation of its playing staff due to various changes of actors and policy, but now it has arrived at these results:

There is to be a new feature company under the direction of Harry Pollard outting on four real productions with Margarita Fischer as the star. The Beauty pictures, for which these two have built up such an enviable reputa-tion, are to be turned over into almost

tion, are to be turned over into almost entirely new hands.

In this company, under the direction of Frank Cooley, assisted by Parry Banks, will be found Joseph Harris, Virginia Kirtley, Webster Campbell, Fred Gamble, and Gladys Kingsbury.

The new recruits to the feature corrections.

The new recruits to the feature com-pany, chosen with special regard to their pictorial harmony with Miss Fischer, are William Carriok, Jeseph Singleton, Robyn Adair, Anne Christie and Lucile Ward

Auto Driver Hald by Coroner Auto Driver Held by Coroner
James Collum, MSE North 7th street, an
automobile driver, was held to await
the action of the Grand Jury by Coroner Knight today at the close of the
inquest into the death of Joseph Kane,
M East Seitzer street. Hane was struck
by the automobile at Front street and
Allegheny avenue while attempting to
cross the street. He died Monday in the
Episcopal Hespital. The Coroner held
Collum, as the accident happened on the
orosswalk of the street, where the Coroner asserted Kane had the right of way.

RESIDENTS OF OAK LANE

Applaud Transit Director's Defi to Few Obstructionists,

"You are going to find a determined army lined up against a handful of obstruction(sts."

Director Taylor, of the Department of City Transit, made this assertion last night in referring to those opposed to the high-speed system, while addressing the Oak Lane Improvement Association in the Manufacturers' Club. Other speakers indorsed Mr. Taylor's re-

marks, and the enthusiasm and appleaus which greeted every reference to early high-speed transit showed those present ould be depended upon for sineers sup-port of the project.

"We are soing to have the high-speed system and we're going to have it prompt-ity," the Director said. "With it in opera-tion the time required to travel from Old York road and Chelten avenue to the busi-

ness centre of the city and return will be reduced from 44 to 25 minutes. Oak Lane is insdequately served by the existing system and must be relieved. There are many advantages in store for you. "The time is near when any man will

"The time is near when any men will be able to purchase a home in any sec-tion of the city. There will be too hard-abiles for any one, and, instead of per-sons having to crowd into apartment houses, flats and tenements in the centre of the city, they will be enabled to live in the more healthful sections."

COLD WAVE GIVES TERRIBLE PROOF OF HOUSING EVILS

Hydrants Frozen and Many of the Poor Have to Beg Even for Water-Hundreds of Children Made III

Another tragedy in Philadelphia's tene ment house problem was enacted today. The scene was not staged by imaginative persons. Products of the present tenement house evil were the central figures. Rows of dilapidated and brickless tens ments gave mute testimony.

The tragedy happened this morning when the temperature fell to 18 degrees above zero. It caused the poor of the tenements to renew their demand on new Division of Housing and Sanitation

Frozen hydrants in the "courtvards and more than 29 feet away from kitchens confronted thousands of dwellers is the tenement districts today. In some sections of the city where the old tenements exist there was a water famine. Under the new housing laws it is speci

fied that instead of the outside hydrants there should be running water in every tenement kitchen. To obtain water it was necessary for thousands of mothers to leave their homes today and visit stores in the neighborhood and actually beg fo

Philadelphia's poor who live, eat and sleep in windowless, bathtubless and dirty tenements, today endured their first taste of the winter of 1914. They also suffered the effects of improper housing

conditions.

The suffering was most intense among the children who live in cellar rooms, where there are no stoves. The cellar rooms are heated by gas stoves. The suffering also was indescribable among the grown-up persons who live in garret rooms, where the windows are broken. Hundreds of broken windows in South Philadalphia force are converted to with Philadelphia today are covered up with ck wrapping paper and cheap blanket

MANY HUNDREDS ILL. One of the chief ir provements in the

new housing law which was enacted and passed by the last Legislature and which Councils' Finance Committee has ignored calls for lavatories in dwellings. Hundreds in the section where the tenement products live are located in the rear of some narrow alley which is sandwiched in between fifthy fences.

Throughout the city, where these conditions exist and where the old tene ments are located, women, men and chlidren were stricken ill late last night as the cold spell set in. In many hundreds of "homes" poor mothers sat beside beds keeping a vigil over sick children. Many children of the tenements be-come ill as a result of the cold wind blowing into cellar rooms through broken windows, which were covered with newspapers in some houses. Many of the children were removed to hospitals after

left their filthy tenement homes for school told the story. Children, who never knew what it meant to have a real window from which they could look out, attend the school on Lombard street between 5th and 6th streets.

CHILD SUFFERERS. Among the first arrivals was a little

chap whose face was blue from cold. Around his neck was a typical "mother's blue apren." The mother had wrapped the apron around her boy's neck because during the night he had caught cold. "I'd rather be out in the street all night than home," said the boy.

"Recause it is just as cold home as on the street," he replied as he hurried into the yard of the school. Another child—a girl—had her two lit-tle hands wrapped up in cheap thin cloth, which was festured to her wrists by shoe laces.
"My mother tried the rags around my hands so I wouldn't get frost-bitten," said

the child.
Coal today was selling in the congested sections for 10 cents a bucket. To keep a little tenement house warm it to necessary to purchase about six buckets of coal a week. This brings the bill up to 60 cents a weak or \$2.60 a month.

A GREAT MYSTIC STORY HAROLD MACGRATH

(Copyright) 1916; by Harald MacGrath.)

SENDESIS

Endors is left an arphine at an early ago. Her father is killed in a gold withe he has no discovered. Nat an hone after learning of the death of her historial Endors's nother—a tight rope authorist in there—a tight rope authorist in the settle.

Latora and the death of her historial falls, and to tellul.

Latora and the fortune from the setue, which group to be worth \$0.05,050,050, or left in the patrillariship of Frank Rome, a stream man. Endors a mather's broather bounds, which group to be worth \$0.05,050,050, or left in the patrillariship of Frank Rome, a stream man. Endors a mather bounds on the set of the worker hundry, washes the ups of 18. The mode, who has bet himself up on a Himba martic and to stream as Hannelf, up on a Himba martic and to stream as Hannelf, and he prevent was a stream and the travelle upon the money, so had it more to left to him, the next of him, and he prevent when the heads that fadare must die before the own here, the next of him, and he prevent has not her him, the next of him, and he prevent has been be left to him. At the or work, so that it for the more in the person of the store to him for the more of the store that the symmetric to the patrillarial fall of the store of the him out of her plane. Eleven her of the more in the person of the store of the him out of her plane. Eleven the store the him out of her plane, but for them of the more in the comet more of them a store in the more of the him on the comet more of the him, if the comet more yellow her better one of you must remove the first the symmetric ones and you must remove the first the symmetry here, if and the remove, and many here the ones and you must remove the first the symmetry here, if an accordant you must remove one of the more of the m

Men, fall a store one representation than a store one remained than a surface the humidess, gather from spore of association with her weels, writted two badding mighteries and when her first two cases.

An aged setential has discovered a way to make diamonds. His workshop is directly beliefed that of a cheesemaker. One of his gens, which he kept kilden in a cupboard, discappears. He decides to consult Hassam All.

CHAPTER III

The Mystery of the Cheese Maker. Hassam All was an adept at disguising himself, making himself unrecognizable. A half a dozen touches of the brush, a muffler about his chin, and even Zudora would fail to recognize him at first glance. He sallied forth; he was eager to learn what Storm was doing. For the present, Storm was the main obstacle in his way. If he became Zudora's husband, good-by to the Trainor millions whether Zudora lived or not. If Zudora married Storm clandestinely he was determined upon that knowledge to kill them both. Once a week he made inquiries at the bureau of

Zudora met Storm in the park, and they idled away an hour or two building castles in Spain. The will of Jason Olds having been probated, Storm was the recipient of \$100,000, which he immediately divided between several hospitals. He wanted it known, that, aside from his business relations, be wanted nothing of Olds, living or dead. His gift reacted favorably.

licenses.

Storm became suddenly serious, "My dear," he said, "I want to ask on some really vital questions" "Go ahead."

"Do you love your uncle?" She did not answer at once, because the question was totally inexpected.

She began to think. "Why, John, that's an odd question."
"I know it, but I just simply had to ask it." "I respect him," she said, "for he is

a man of extraordinary attainments, for all that you sometimes smile at occupatio 'It is precisely because he plays at this mummery and is at the same time

nn extraordinary man that I ask you you love him. ove is a strange thing. plied evasively. She felt strangely stirred over the trend of conversation.

"You don't answer me directly." He was an attorney and had something of the bulldog's grip. There were many unhappy witnesses who would testify

to that.
"Well, no; I can't say honestly that I love him," frowning.
"Nor can you say honestly that he loves you. My dear girl, I might as well -dmit to you that some one is interested in putting me out of the way. I've been shot at in the dark on three different occasions. I have received anonymous letters purporting to come from some disgruntled politician. I think the best thing you can do is to marry me."

"Not until every letter of my agreement is complete." "I suppose you've made up your

mind? "Yes. Just as firmly as I have made up my mind that you're my man and that I wouldn't exchange you for the

greatest kingdom on earth." He laughed and pressed her hand.

He had been on the point of telling her his innermost suspicions. He saw now that she was going to have trouble enough without his adding to it. Brave little girl! Because she loved him she had assumed almost three times the tasks of Hercules. He became more and more determined to follow her and stand guard over her in every case she had that Is, If they left him alone. From the bottom of his soul he distrusted Keene, Hassam All, so-called. It did not require an unusually sharp intuition to feel the sense of hatred directed against him whenever he came into the presence of the mystic. But he possessed no defined theory as to what had caused this activity of passion. It was born of no tender sentiment for the niece. Nor could it be due to the fact that he, Storm, looked with contempt upon Keene's work. He knew Keene to be absolutely indifferent to what the pubfle thought of his affairs. In this Storm was compelled to admit of a secret admiration for the man. Think deeply and constantly as he might, however, he could not bring to the surface any legitimate cause for

Keene's bitter antagonism. Storm's mistake was that he did not reveal to Zudora what his 'real suspicions were; that it was Hassam Ali who wanted him out of the way. Theyboth in that event would have escaped. a good deal of trouble, being mutually prepared for it.

When they at last separated, Storm went downtown, quite aware of the fact that he was being shadowed. But he did not recognize his shadower. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

3000 BIRDS WIN PRAISE AT BIG EXHIBITON HERE

Pigeons and Poultry of International Farm Shown,

Three thousand birds of local and fater national fame were shown at the opening of the ninth annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Poultry, Pigeon and Pet. Stock Association in the First Regiment Armory, Broad and Callowhill streets, today. According to Henry D. Riley, president of the association, this is the association's biggest show by more thus 500 birda.

Rare pigeons and champion erg-laying bens vie with one another for popularity. The pigeon show this year is said to be one of the greatest ever shown in the United States. one of the greatest ever shown in the United States. It is the greatest exhibition ever held in Philadelphia. One of the features of the pigeon exhibit is the collection of eight harbs shown by E. B. Ulrich, of Reading. Barbs are exceedingly rure, and this is the first time they have been exhibited at the Philadelphia show.

George A. Elementer, of Meaderstrook.

George A. Elemsser, of Meadowbrook, exhibited his collection of English carriers that took prises at the Crystal Palace and dairy shows in England.

"Columbia Queen," the world's chara-pion egg-layer, owned by J. M. Jones, of Hornerstown, is attracting the attention of an admiring throng. The hea has a record of laying 25 eggs in one year.

Hestdes hens, rousters and pigeons, there are exhibits of turkeys, Belgian hares, geese, ducks, bantams and various kinds

of chicken raising appliances.

PHOTOFLAYS. CHESTNUT ST. OPERA HOUSE Home of Werld's Greatest Photopi Afternoons, 1 to 5, 10 and 15c. Evenings, 7 to 11, 10, 15 and 25 for the property of the last 1 LAST WHEE, E

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toth and Market Sts. ZUDORA WILL BE SHOWN HERE TODAY SOMERSET THEATRE TODAY
THEY O'HEARTS; WAB IS HELL (4 parts),
The Fortunes of War (2 parts)
Limping to Happiness. OTHERS.

West Allegheny THEATRE YOUAT ZUDORA—Second Episode. The Loan Shark King. OTHERS. CARIBIA Thursday and Friday.

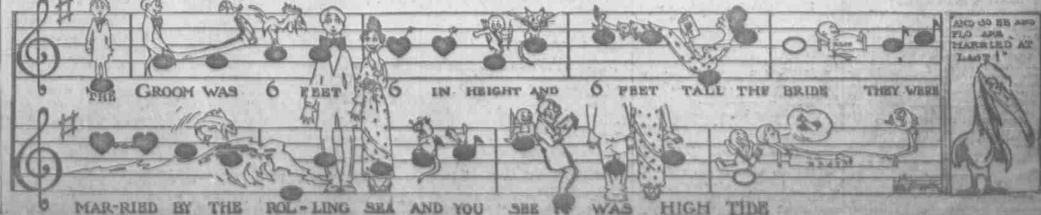
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CHILDREN'S CORNER

The Lost Necklace

ised to bring her some pretty present on his return. A beautiful necklace of blue and silver beads was what he brought. Ruth prized it very highly, both because he brought it and because it was so pretty and she wore it only on very "special" occasions.

file knew very well that a trip to the woods was not a suitable time to wear jewelry, but she was going with a growd of girl friends and she wanted so much to wear the necklace so as to show it to them. The more she thought about it, the more she wanted to wear it—thinking works that way sometimes, you know.

"Til not say anything to mother about it," she said to herself, "for she is so busy today, I'll just wear it under



They began to hunt,

my sweater, then when we sit down to brief, I can throw open my sweater and there my lovely necklace will I'm sure mother wouldn's mind, and any way-it's my nachines. Ho Ruth didn't ask her sansible mother's advice, she fout wore the

As the folly party of girls reached the woods, the fun began! The leaves hap on the ground in great piles of erackiness, the trees were full of nuts. the around was dry and just right to

WHEN Ruth's father left for a long | roll on oh, you know all the fun trip East on business, he prom- there is to be had in the woods on a there is to be had in the woods on a perfect late autumn day, you've had it yourself many a time!

Ruth romped with the others and had such a jelly time she forgot all about looks and neckinces and astonishing the girls and all such thingsthat's one of the wonderful things about the out-of-doors, you can't remember little petty things when you are remping in the open!

Ruth didn't even think of the neckace till they sat down to their campfire lunch. Then one of the girls remarked, "I think I'll make me a necklacs of red berries. When we get through eating, will you help me gather the berries, Ruth?" she added. "Of course I will," replied Ruth corlially; then she bethought herself of own necklace. She slipped her hand tuside her sweater to see if the

neckiace hung straight before she spoks about it to the girls no neckice was thereft "Oh, girls," she cried in distress, "I wors my lovely new necklace and it's

"We'll help you find it," cried the girls in one breath, and they began to hust. They searched where they had been eating, they mearched where they had hunted for nuts, they searched and searched till the shadows of night warned them that it was time to go ome-but no necklace did they find.

HELLO! Did YOU ever help Santa Claus? Weuld you like to! Of course,

Poor little Ruth had to go home without it. But some one had found

tt-who do you suppose it was?

Tomorrow-"Finders Respers."

you would! Come to his storehouse, 803 Chestnut street! Bring a top-or a folly little five-

girl or boy hoppy.

Will your

"Who would inharit the entates after

"I'm afraid-that would be rather

"Lord Arthur," he said slowly, "I will look after this boy as if he were my own son. I can't say more than that,"
The two men shock hands, and Lord Arthur took his departure. John Erleigh walked to the window and looked out for a few seconds at the gray, wells of the abboy. Then he reseated himself at his writing table, and, opening a drawer, took out a photograph. In one corner was signed "Always your friend, Anne Wimberley."

He gased at it inag and carnestly. Then he replaced it in the drawer.
"As if he were my own son," he said

OHAPTER III. ANNE, I love you." The words simply. The flaros passion of them was

ing of the school chaps!
"It could have been only blackmail,"
seld Erisigh after a pause. "It's been
done before. Who would hurt a boy like

the son of a poor clergyman and the grandson of a small country solicitor. She had £8000 a year of her own apart from a charge on the Wimberley estates. Between them there was a wide social sulf, and he had flung a bridge across it—a bridge of four simple words.

For a few seconds there was a silence, save for the rustling of the wind in the wind was a silence, save for the rustling of the wind in the

chick wood that lay between this part of the lake and the house. Anne Wimberley, very pale, twined her beautiful, delicate hands together on her knees and looked down at the ground. She had expected to hear these words from the man's lips, had even longed to hear them. Her heart beat very quickly and tears came into her eyes. She was waiting for him to say something less than most men would have said under the circumstances.

"I had no right to speak of this," he went on, in that quiet, tense voice. "I could not dare to hope-of course, the idea is ridiculous-there are social conventions—one can never get rid of them-I've been a presumptuous fool." He was stammering now, like any love-

She did not speak, but her fingers closed more tightly on his hand. She knew well mough what her friends and relatives rould say about the marriage. Lord Arthur would be quite outspoken about it. The others would only talk among them-selves. She cared nothing for any of them. She had been very young when she had married Lord Wimberley-too young to know her own mind. He had been a very handsome man, and the greatest match in England. She had been brought up in a hard school, where love was not talked about. In those days her father, head of one of the oldest families in until Christmas morning, as fanta probcome to her afterward from an uncle on her mother's side. The story of the mar-riage was a story that is told every day had been placed on the market, and sold in her first season. In her girlish way she had tried to love her good-tooking and helliant husband—had even per-

"It will be a very different life for

te answered. "I aid not think of that, the answered. "I have thought of it," she laughedoften-I know what you have done out of your salary. Now we can do much

of your ankary. Now we can do much more."

They began to talk of the school—of his ambitions—of the years of steady work that lay before them. Then Lady Wimberley spoke of her boy and a tender light came into her eves.

"I'm afraid of him," said Ericigh with a smile. "He has been everything to you up to now. He may resent—"You must not think that," abe interrupted easerly. "If you only knew how he sneaks of you."

"As a headmanter? Tes, but—"
"He simply worships you. And I—I am so glad for his sake—he has reached an age when a boy needs a father, when a mother hegins to lose her influence over him."

INDORSE TAYLOR PLAN